



I was resolv'd to live and dye single,
 tho' I had Suitors alwaies in Court;
 But e'rey vein in my heart does now tingle
 the like I never did feel before;
 I had to love a Detestation,
 the which does now my comfort spill;
 This is a sad and strange Alteration,
 that I must love him against my Will.

There was no Swain I cou'd ever admire;
 all my delight was to live alone;
 Therefore I'll triumph o're e'ry desire,
 in love I will not be overthrowne:
 Let Cupid seem to frown and lower,
 nay use his best and chiefest skill,
 I will endeavour to baffle his power,
 why shou'd I love him against my Will?

But still her Passion increased the stronger,
 and her Sweet Beauty grew pale and wan
 So that she could not endure any longer,
 but crying out my Sweet Corridon,
 May e'ry Blessing now beide thee,
 O n't i fainting Lover kill,
 Altho' 'tis true, I have often deny'd thee,
 now I must love thee against my will.



If I shall dye for the loss of my Jewel,
 there is none but my self in blame,
 Sith to my Corridon I was too cruel,
 when like a Captive to me he came
 But for this Crime I am repented;
 yet remain in sorrows still
 With sighs and Tears I have often lamented,
 now I must love him against my Will.

O that he heard but my sorrowful Ditty,
 like wife would come my sweet Life to save
 And with true Love and compassionate pity,
 pardon the frowns which to him I gave;
 He could no longer stand to hear her,
 but did approach with right good will,
 To his fair Silvia in order to cheer her
 vowing he would be her true love still.

Thanks be to Cupid that gain'd me thy favour,
 my drooping Spirits once more to raise,
 Now do I promise to Love thee for ever,
 and in these Valleys wee'll spend our days,
 Can there be any greater blessing,
 my trounced heart with joy to fill,
 When my fair Silvia, here to be poss'ing,
 whom I do Love and admire still.

Printed for J. Bach, at the Black Boy near the Draw-bridge on London-bridge.

CUPID'S Kindness to Constant CORIDON,

OR,
air SILVIA A VVounded with a Dart,

When Beauties bright, Young men can fight,
and seek their overthrow,

Then Cupid's Darts must wound their hearts,
he will not leave them so.

Tune of *Charon* make halt &c.

This may be Printed R. P.



Silvia the Fair by the side of a River;
Where she sat combing her Golden hair;
Did he dart forth a Dart from his Quiver,
And without pity he smites her there;
So when she felt her heart was wounded,
Strait cryed with voice both soft and still,
What sudden change has my freedom confounded?
Why must I love now against my Will.

Often in Walleys young Corridon courted me,
yet I lookt on him with scornful Eyes; (me,
Yet now strange Captures of love has transported
which does my senses and soul surprize,
Tis very strange, time, and Season,
Sorrow and Grief my heart both fill,
Here I admire what should be the reason,
that I must love him against my Will.